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Who Should not be a Wife

Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her sick dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has a woman a call to be a wife who calls for a handsome shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who is reading the last new novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt waist? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potatoes six days out of the seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her troops for the house-fires? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl-papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at her feet? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs nothing in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or extract a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and have an eye, when at home, to the servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife when a good husband's society is not so great as that of a lady's, and a house full of rosy children is but a hindrance to her prettiest ornaments?

Brotherly Love.

Chief Engineer "Sandy" Henderson, of the Onondaga, arrested his own brother last week, and put him in Castle Thunder. Henderson alone, of his whole Virginia family, espoused the National side four years ago. He called at his father's house when Richmond had been reoccupied, and his brother, opening the door, retreated without speaking.

"This is a warm welcome," said Sandy, ironically, "after four years absence."

"I know no enemy of my country," said the brother.

Then, said the engineer, "put on your hat, and go to the Provost Marshall's."

Arrived there, Mr. Henderson had a commitment to Castle Thunder made out, with three days' absence on parole. He took his brother to the Onondaga, loaned him money, fed and clothed him, and at the expiration of the time sent him to jail. Neither party relented.

A good story is told of a scrub-headed boy having been brought before a court as a witness, when the following colloquy ensued: "Where do you live?" asked the judge. "Live with my mother!" "Where does your mother live?" "She lives with father!" "Where does he live?" "He lives with the old folks!" "When do they live?" said the judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room. "They live at home." "Where in thunder is their home?" roars the judge. "That's where I'm from," says the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek, and slowly closing one eye on the judge. "Here Mr. Constable," says the court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath." "You would think different says the boy, going toward the doorway, 'if I was once to give you a cannon!'"

Letter from a Dubois Volunteer.

CAMP OF THE 143d REGT. IND VOL.
MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE,
May 9th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—The surrender of Johnston has produced the sincerest congratulation in this vicinity, from the fact that it is regarded as a signal of the end of this most terrible and wicked rebellion. What a transition in the condition of affairs since I wrote to you last; we have been all excitement, alternately in the zenith, and the nadir, up in the garret or down in the cellar. The exclamations of our brilliant successes had not ceased when we were startled by the intelligence of the assassination of the President. We gave it no credence on first reception, but when it was passed along the wires a second time, we were compelled to believe it. The flags were all at half-mast. Buildings, public and private, were draped in mourning. The Brass Bands piped forth the solemn funeral dirge, adding to the solemnity of the occasion. Mr. Lincoln is no more; stricken down by the violence of the brutal assassin, the hitting of a bogus confederacy. Certainly motives other than to secure the large reward which was reported as being promised to him, prompted him to the committing of such a diabolical deed. Aspirations to fame similar to those which prompted Herodotus to fire the temple of Ephesus, must have been part of the incentive. He has met his doom, but it does not satisfy the irreparable loss of our country. The gradual diminution of the army has already begun, and we had with feelings of the most heartfelt joy the dawn of the day, when cruel war shall no more disturb the peace and quietude of our happy homes.

The large reward offered for the apprehension of Davis, will certainly secure him, for every possible avenue of escape will be picketed. Jeff. must be singing

"I love to steal awhile away"

"Do they miss me at home, &c."

He is not running the Southern Confederacy as much as he was, and I expect is pretty well convinced that the mad sills are magnificent. We anticipate a removal from this place, but where we will go is not determined, though the opinion that we will shortly be mustered out, has gained considerable credence; such may be the case, for it is not probable that troops will be removed from one department to another, but in the respective departments where troops are needed a proportion will be retained, and where none are needed none will be retained. This plan will need but few soldiers, and Tennessee, proposes to furnish her own troops. Hence the probability of our being moved to our own State. We passed in general review on the 4th of this month Gen. Rosecrans was present; all went off well.

"It is an interesting thing to go over the memorable field of Stone river, where many of the brave sons of our own fair land spilled their life's blood. A fine monument has been erected over the most fiercely contested part of the field, where many of the noble heroes fell, and were buried. There, weep o'er the heroes that fall,

In conflict for the right,
And vow to heaven our lives our all
Shall give our country might."

The heroes of other States are also buried here; but when the grave of one of the Indiana boys is found it produces mingled emotions of sorrow and pride. The day has come, though, when the participants in the country's efforts to crush the rebellion, and who still live, can enjoy the fruits of their noble deeds.

C. W. JACOB.

General Halleck seems to be disposed to stop the legitimate multiplication and reproduction of disloyal people. The following is a paragraph of an order issued in Richmond, on the 28th of April:

"Fifth. No marriage license will be issued until the parties desiring to be married take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and no clergyman, magistrate, or other person authorized by State laws to perform the marriage ceremony, will officiate in such capacity, until he himself, and the parties contracting matrimony, have taken the prescribed oath of allegiance."

Jesse D. Bright has recently purchased and will occupy the Fallon farm, one mile above Carleton, Ky., on the Ohio river. It is one among the finest farms in Kentucky.

Southward Ho!

The westward march of empire is proverbial. The tide of Caucasian emigration, setting in that direction from the farthest Orient, has flown on irresistibly till it has reached the shores of the Pacific, which it will soon overleap, and thus complete the circuit of the globe. This great current, with its heaving billows of life, no human power can turn aside. The great men—the rulers of the earth—may decree that it shall cease, or flow back; but it will head them as little as would the waves of the Atlantic themselves. Empires and republics may rise and fall; war may rage, or peace may wave her olive branch over the nations; plenty may prevail or famine may threaten, but men will emigrate—go westward. So it will continue to be till the circle has been completed and our starting-point in the Orient regained. Then, perhaps, the westward march may begin anew and history repeat itself on a brighter plane, but we need not speculate. We have to do with the present, and prepare for the future.

We have spoken of the grand stream of human emigration. That will still hold its course. Our war of "the Great Rebellion," now apparently drawing toward its close, has not checked but rather accelerated it. Peace will not turn it back or cause the main current to deviate; but there will be minor streams of population—emigration within emigration—setting toward the South and the Southwest with an impetus hitherto unknown.

The Teuton, cool as his northern blood may be, is not averse to warmth. He has always shown a decided preference for the genial sunshine of southern climes over the ice and snow of his native northern hills. In this country there has been a barrier which has partially turned aside the current of emigration which would otherwise have made the Southern States the most populous in the Union. Negro slavery and the free white labor system could not well coexist there, and the intelligent and industrious but not wealthy emigrant has turned toward the fertile but less inviting prairies of the great free West. The Carolinas and Florida, with their muggy forest-climates and productive soil, remain to this day in a half-wild condition, a large portion of them being covered with the primeval forests, and that portion comprising some of the best lands in those States.

The close of the war will introduce a new era. The barriers of social industrial antagonism will be all swept away, and the opening for Northern enterprise, skill, and industry will be too inviting to be resisted. Our soldiers, who have become familiar with the climate by campaigning there, will, many of them, return to the South with their families to remain as citizens. Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston will invite the merchant and the mechanic; the magnificent water-power furnished by the streams of the interior, and, as yet, almost entirely unemployed, will tempt the manufacturer; and most of all, will the yet undeveloped agricultural and horticultural resources of the Southern States attract the energetic and industrious rural population of the North and of Europe.

Portions of the low country, along the coast, are at present exceedingly insalubrious. To the white man the malarial of that region during the hot months is fatal; but the negro inhales it with impunity and grows fat and sleek there. It will be his mission to cultivate and redeem the fertile lands of that malarious belt country. When the forests shall have been cut away from the swamp lands, and the swamps drained and subjected to cultivation, the malarial will disappear, and the whole region become a garden.

The middle and upper sections of the Southern Atlantic States can boast a climate as healthful and delightful as can be found on the globe. Here the soil is moderately fertile and very easy of cultivation, and no winter frosts interfere with the farmer's work. It is the very paradise of the agriculturist. In the middle region he will raise corn and cotton. The hills of the upper country he will cover with orchards and vineyards, and its rich valleys with fields of wheat and oats, and he will soon begin to wonder how he ever managed to live in the cold, winter-bound, hard, rough North.

From the American Phrenological Journal.

But what are we to do with the people now there? Live with them in peace and friendship; teach them Northern thrift and Northern enterprise; and be taught by them to be hospitable, neighborly, generous, and liberal. We shall mingle our blood with theirs by intermarriage, and the result will be an improvement—a better race than either, and a homogeneous one. We shall like each other better and respect each other more than before the war. Prof. Draper spoke truly when he said, in his late lecture on "The Effects of Emigration," that "the tides of civil war rapidly disappear. The vanquished in a civil strife avoids a recurrence to his failure, while the victor abstains from a contemplation of his success. The demerit of such things speedily passes away and society stands on a new basis. It took but little time to heal the wounds of Rome and England, and would take still less in the activity of human life in America."

But, the war well over, foreign emigration as well as that from our Northern States will flow into the South. It is thought by some that when the contest is ended, when our soldiers return to their homes and to their wonted tasks, the arguments which have been advanced to prove the need of more laborers from abroad will fail; but such a conclusion would be wholly unwarranted. It is true that the army and navy would simultaneously discharge many soldiers and sailors, and that many contracts with our foundries, factories, shipyards, and various sources of supply would be suspended. But, on the other hand, with the return of peace and the re-establishment of open communication with the States of the South, enterprises hitherto abandoned or newly projected will spring into life and activity, and the restoration of vast tracts of fertile land to the use of the husbandman will call many laborers into the field, and it will be the profitable work of years of peace to restore what has been lost by the ravages of war.

The Liverpool Daily Post, after commenting at length on these facts, thus closes: "The cry [in America] therefore, still is 'Come! The mineral kingdom is inexhaustible, the soil fertile, and there are regions unutilized. The call for labor comes on every breeze, from the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; from the mountains and valleys of Pennsylvania and Michigan; from C. Morris, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois and other States, where he lured the good and sober, led, iron, copper, and vast beds of coal underlying the rich prairie lands and mountains of the West; where, too, are found subterranean repositories of petroleum, enough to illuminate a world. The temptation is strong, and so much the better. The more people go, the greater will be the increase of population. This is a law of Providence. Every emigrant becomes in due time a customer because a consumer. Emigration, therefore, is a blessing to the country left and the country adopted."

Come, then ye enterprising Englishmen! Come, ye many Sons from the Highlands and the Lowlands of grand old Scotland! Come from the land of the Shamrock! Come from Germany! Come from France! Come from all the Eastern world, and participate with us in the enjoyments which bountiful nature has in store for the children of men. Europe is crowded—over-populated. Here, especially in the South and West, there is land enough for millions who may wish to occupy it. Come over and help us, ye workers!—ye mechanics, farmers, manufacturers, artisans, mer. hants, teachers, preachers, authors, statesmen; we want, and are not getting some of the best, though we do not reject the worst. Come one—come all, and make America your home!

The following is a Juvenile Composition on Moonlight:

'Twas a calm, still night,
And the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and dale;
Not a breeze stirred; not a leaf stirred;
Not a man stirred; not a horse stirred;
Not a dog stirred; not a cat stirred; not a hen stirred; not even a goose stirred.

Here the teacher interrupted the precocious orator, by saying that the composition partook more of the nature of Agriculture than Moonlight.

An agent of Brigham Young is buying cotton seed in San Francisco to put in the Sandwich Islands.

The Evacuation of Richmond.

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN SAW AT JEFF. DAVIS' CHURCH

London Times, Richmond Correspondent.
Upon the arrival of Gen. Lee's dispatch in Richmond, President Davis was occupying his accustomed seat during morning service in the church of St. Paul's, in which church, served by the same clergyman, the Prince of Wales attended divine service upon the occasion of his visit to Richmond, and the president was surrounded by a congregation of which the fairest portion was as usual arrayed with an elegance which has long been an unfailing source of wonder to those who visit upon Richmond's four years of blockade. Suddenly the sexton, approaching President Davis, handed to him a paper, which was slowly perused. Rising from his seat with singular gravity and deliberation, Mr. Davis left the church, and immediately afterwards several prominent citizens were by the same sexton summoned to follow him. It will be believed that the excitement among those who remained was at the highest, but it was remarked by sly observers that the excellent clergyman, who had endeavored himself to his congregation by four years of brave and hearty sympathy with trials, did not omit to make the usual collection—possibly with the design of impressing upon his congregation that nothing unusual had happened, possibly to give credit to a currency from which all felt that every semblance of value was passing away. The congregation was not slow to disperse, and quickly from mouth to mouth flew the tidings that in a few hours Richmond's long and gallant resistance would be over. The scene that followed baffles description.

Anecdote of Horace Vernet.

The artist was coming from Versailles to Paris in the cars. In the compartment with him was two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely—upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his military pantaloons, &c.

The painter was annoyed and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train dashed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised his hand to his mouth, and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet, on leaving them, said:

"Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry: 'Which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?'"

A lady exchange says the new fifty-cent shipplaster looks so much like a quack medicine label that he involuntarily turns it over to see if it cured corns, bunions and whooping cough. He says further, that it contains as many colors as the bandana turban of a showy negro. On the center of the face, close by a cloud of dust, sits a fat misshapen female covered with small pox blotches. Her right arm rests on a hoop, through which may be seen an eye sitting on a pile of old clothes in the distance, and in the right hand is grasped an umbrella stick. Her left hand grasps something which a lively imagination may conceive to be a pair of scales. One foot appears to be up in a poulter. Either that white-robed Treasury artist has a lively imagination,

The United States Mint has commenced the coining of the recently authorized three cent piece. It is about the size of an English six pence, the color of lead, and much of that dull appearance. It is a mixture of copper and nickel.

Beautiful were the last words of Cardinal Wiseman! Opening his eyes after a short respite from pain, and with a sweet smile resting on his features, he said: "Well, here I am at last, like a child from school going home for the holidays."

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk—the last is his beer.

A billiard saloon has already been opened by a speculative individual in Charleston, South Carolina.

House-keeping in Paris costs twenty-five per cent. more than in London.